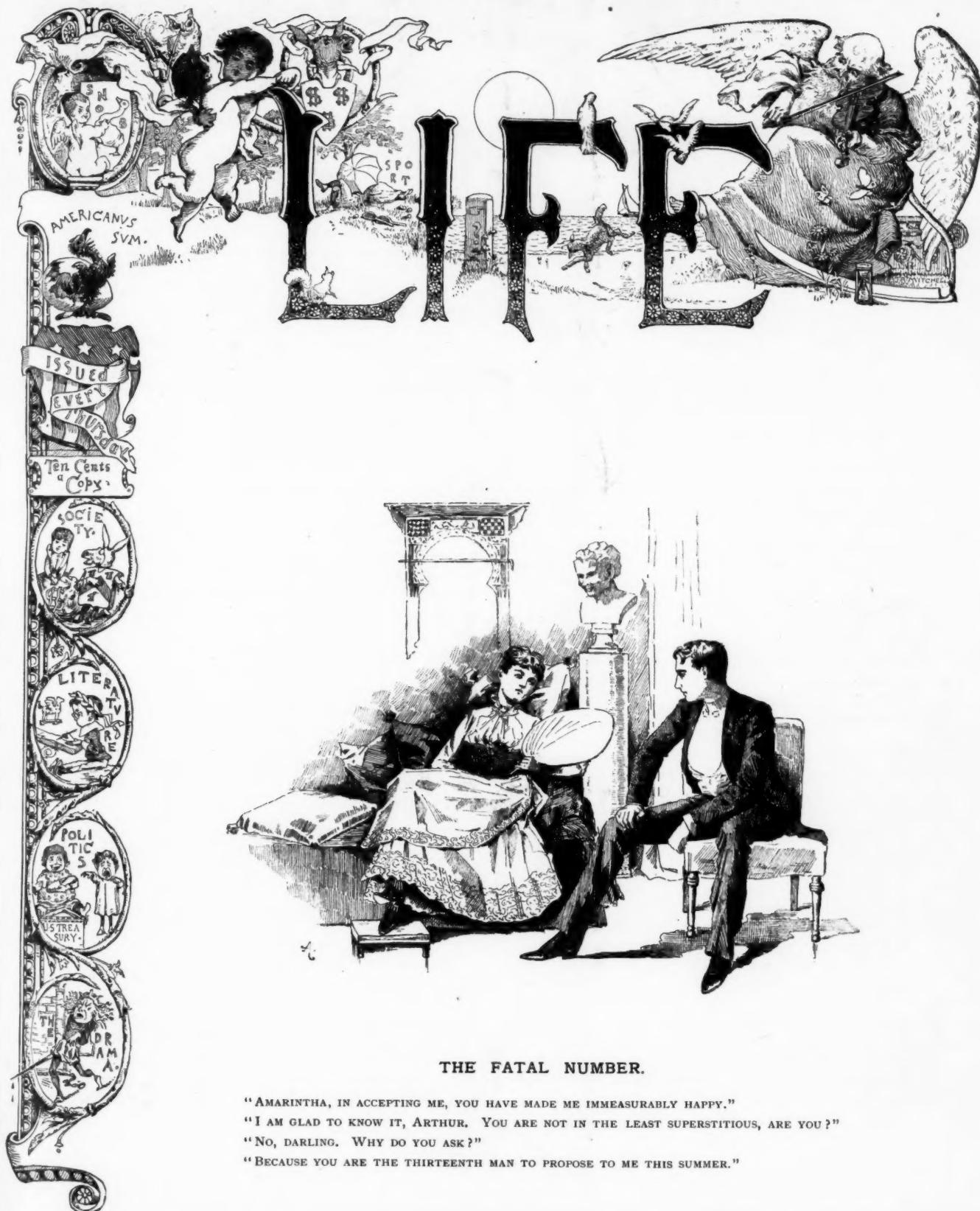


VOLUME XII.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 11, 1888.

NUMBER 302.

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THE FATAL NUMBER.

"AMARINTHA, IN ACCEPTING ME, YOU HAVE MADE ME IMMEASURABLY HAPPY."

"I AM GLAD TO KNOW IT, ARTHUR. YOU ARE NOT IN THE LEAST SUPERSTITIOUS, ARE YOU?"

"NO, DARLING. WHY DO YOU ASK?"

"BECAUSE YOU ARE THE THIRTEENTH MAN TO PROPOSE TO ME THIS SUMMER."



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XII. OCTOBER 11, 1888. NO. 302.
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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

GROVER CLEVELAND, as President of the United States, has humiliated the politicians, disappointed the spoilsman, and has done what he considered to be for the best interests of the people at large. David B. Hill, as Governor of the State of New York, has taken no important steps without consulting the politicians of his party: he has placated the spoilsman with promises where he has been unable to do so with patronage, and he has consistently opposed public action in the best interests of the people whenever such action conflicted with his politics. Grover Cleveland began his career as President at the same time that David B. Hill assumed the executive chair of the State; and, when the politicians found that they could not use the President and could use the Governor, there were significant winks and head-shakings. Mr. Cleveland, said the organs of the spoilsman, would ascertain very soon the dire fate of the man who set himself above his party, and Mr. Hill, who considered his party first and the people afterward, would be justly rewarded.

* * *

THE time fixed for retribution, in the early part of Mr. Cleveland's presidential career, was the nominating convention of 1888; but by that time, although the Chief Executive had refused to appease the politicians, he had grown so strong with the people that the same party was compelled to re-nominate him or accept the alternative of defeat. It also re-nominated Governor Hill for its own purposes, in spite of the protests of the people. And now behold the result! The politicians and the organs of the spoilsman are engaged in the unpleasant practice of geopagism. They are begging the President to come to the rescue of the Governor, and save him from the anger of the mugwumps, realizing that Cleveland is more powerful than they are, and that only by his interposition can their candidate for Governor be saved to them. Even the once scornful *Sun* joins in the prayer to the President that once it despised, and assures him that the State is in his grasp, and that he can do with it as he will, admitting that it is beyond the control of the politicians and the spoilsman.

THIS, taken in connection with the manner in which Mayor Hewitt brought Tammany to terms this Fall, is a very encouraging symptom. The people and not the politicians have the election of the President of the United States, the Governor of the greatest and wealthiest State in the Union, and the Mayor of the metropolis of the western hemisphere in their own hands. The circumstance proves that our system of government is all right if it is only conducted properly, and by the people themselves. President Cleveland and Mayor Hewitt have come to us more through luck than by our own intelligent management; but if the better elements of society would attend the primaries and the polls we might have as good servants in every public office. The politicians would never have raised such men as Cleveland and Hewitt to power if they had foreseen the result; but that result shows just as clearly what a magnificent government we might have if every citizen would but do his plain duty.

* * *

IF there is any one thing that is more beautiful and touching than another, it is the fond and ripened affection that both of the great political parties generate for the dear workingman about election time. The questions at issue all turn upon the prospective advantage to him; the campaign orators are proud to recall, when they can, that they were once laboring men themselves; the great editors write glowing leaders upon the majesty of toil, and the nobility of digging sewers and elevating bricks in a hod; the end and aim of each legislator is to bring about a state of affairs under which each laborer shall possess his six acres and two cows; eminent statesmen picture the present happy homes of the sovereign workingmen of the free and independent republic. But it is perhaps worth noticing that when the dear workingman asks for something definite he does not get a satisfactory reply.

* * *

THOMAS CARLYLE was amused by a cartoon that appeared in a *sans culotte* publication just before the French revolution, picturing a rustic who had called the fowls of his barn-yard together and addressed them thus: "Dear animals, I have assembled you to advise me what sauce I shall dress you with." To this courteous inquiry a cock responds: "We don't want to be eaten!" but is promptly checked with: "You wander from the point." That is about as much satisfaction as the dear workingman gets when he protests that he does not want to be eaten politically by the loving organizations that alternately control the affairs of the nation. Nevertheless, the present devotion of the great parties to the workingmen is, as we have said, touching and beautiful.

IMPRESSION DE MONTE CARLO.



BY antic fate in order set,
Behold the crowd at life's roulette,
That hazard at the play!
Rich, poor; staid matrons, laughing girls;
Saints, sinners; youths with clustering curls,
And men with beards of gray.

No time to ponder, test or choose!
Who stops to think must surely lose
The chance to play at all.
The awful wheel is whirling—"Faites,
Votre jeu, messieurs," nor hesitate,
While spins earth's flying ball.

One stakes on politics—he's bold!
One, love—poor fool, the grave is cold!
One dreams that fame is sweet.
You, bright eyes, yearn to storm the town;
You, pale face, crave the martyr's crown.
Ah, well, the years are fleet.

Eheu, fugaces! How they fly
In earth's great starlit lottery!
Some dance and others pray,
Till Death, the croupier, with calm,
Impassive voice, announce: "Mesdames,
Messieurs, le jeu est fait."

Arthur Mark Cummings.

"UNFLAGGING zeal" is all right in some people, but not in a trackman who fails to signal danger.

WRITING for the magazines is a business that always yields big returns.



AN EXPLANATION.

Mrs. New Lucre: SUSSETTE, A FRIEND OF MINE INFORMS ME THAT, ON LAST WEDNESDAY EVENING, ABOUT EIGHT O'CLOCK, SHE MET YOU WALKING IN THE PARK WITH MY HUSBAND. IS THIS TRUE?

Susette (indignantly): Non, Madame! EET EES NOT TRUE; IT VAS ON JURSDAY EVENING, ABOUT TEN O'CLOCK.



MORE CULTURE.

Mrs. G. Panhandel Lightweight: AH! AWFULLY GLAD TO SEE YOU, MR. KNOX—SO VERY KIND AND CONSIDERATE OF YOU TO BRING YOUR MUSIC AND HARD GLOVES.

WHY HE THOUGHT HE'D WAIT.

DENTIST: Mr. Doppeneimer, you won't feel me pull the tooth. The gas will make you insensible. You won't know what's going on.

DOPPENEIMER: Ish dot so? Well, I dinks I coomes to-morrer.

DENTIST: But why not let me pull it to-day?

DOPPENEIMER: Well, I don' yoost know how much monish der wash in my pocked-book.

HE SHOULD HAVE BEGUN EARLIER.

HE had passionately declared his love.
"You are too late, George; too late," murmured the girl.

"Too late?" he exclaimed with an agonizing cry.
"Is it possible that you love another?"

"No, George; but it is nearly twelve o'clock,
and I hear papa at the gate."

MONEY ENOUGH, BUT NO FUN.

WHAT would you say, young man," he remarked, solemnly, "if I should tell you that I have never gambled, drank liquor, smoked or indulged in any vicious habits whatever?"

"I would say, sir," replied the young man, "that you must have a comfortable bank account and don't know the proper way to spend it."



SHE SHONE JUST THE SAME.

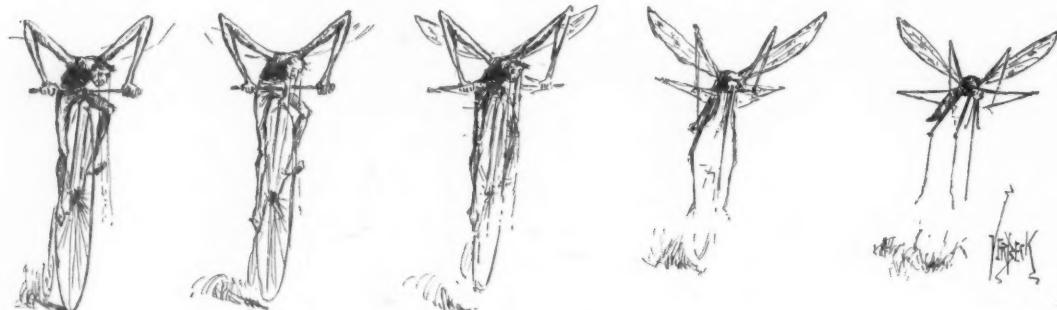
THAT she shone in society, we all admit,
Though but a pleb when she married—
Not by her talents, or beauty, or wit,
But the size of the jewels she carried.

* * * * *

"A MAN is known by the company he keeps." True, else why does he find it so hard to borrow money from it?

* * * * *

A CARDINAL SIN—Painting the town red.
A GREAT YARN—The Golden Fleece.
A COACHING PARTY—The driver.



EVOLUTIONARY.

WE have received the following communication from the other side of the Atlantic:

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE,
Oxford Street, W.

Sole Lessee, Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE,
Manager, Mr. W. W. KELLY,
LONDON, September, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—Kindly insert enclosed paragraph in an early issue of your paper, and oblige yours faithfully, W. W. KELLY, Manager.

The "enclosed paragraph" reads as follows:

"Grace Hawthorne has added another triumph to the already long list. Her grace and undoubted talent carry everything before them in the 'Still Alarm,' now being played to full houses at the Princess's under the able pilotage of Mr. W. W. Kelly, ablest of managers. The piece is a pronounced success and distinct draw to Londoners. During Miss Hawthorne's assumption of the reins of power at the old house, each new venture seems to make one notch more than its predecessor."

LIFE always stands ready to perform trifling favors of this nature, particularly when they are asked with so much delicacy, and we are even willing to overlook the rhetorical deficiencies of the "enclosed paragraph" in view of its modesty of sentiment. If Miss Hawthorne continues under

THE introduction into the drama of the trousers school of acting, by Mr. E. Berry Wall, is bound to elevate the stage just as surely as the costume drama introduced by Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter has done. Mr. Wall, we are credibly informed, possesses more pairs of trousers than he can count, though the circumstance that his enemies base this estimate upon a belief that he is unable to memorize the Roman system of enumeration much above a hundred is not to be considered. This much is true at least, that Mr. Wall begins his dramatic career under more brilliant sartorial auspices than any other debutant of the ancient or modern stage. His prospective artistic triumphs are sure to give impetus to the spectacular drama.

* * * *

the able pilotage of the ablest of managers, there is no limit to the number of notches that may make one more than their predecessors in her career.

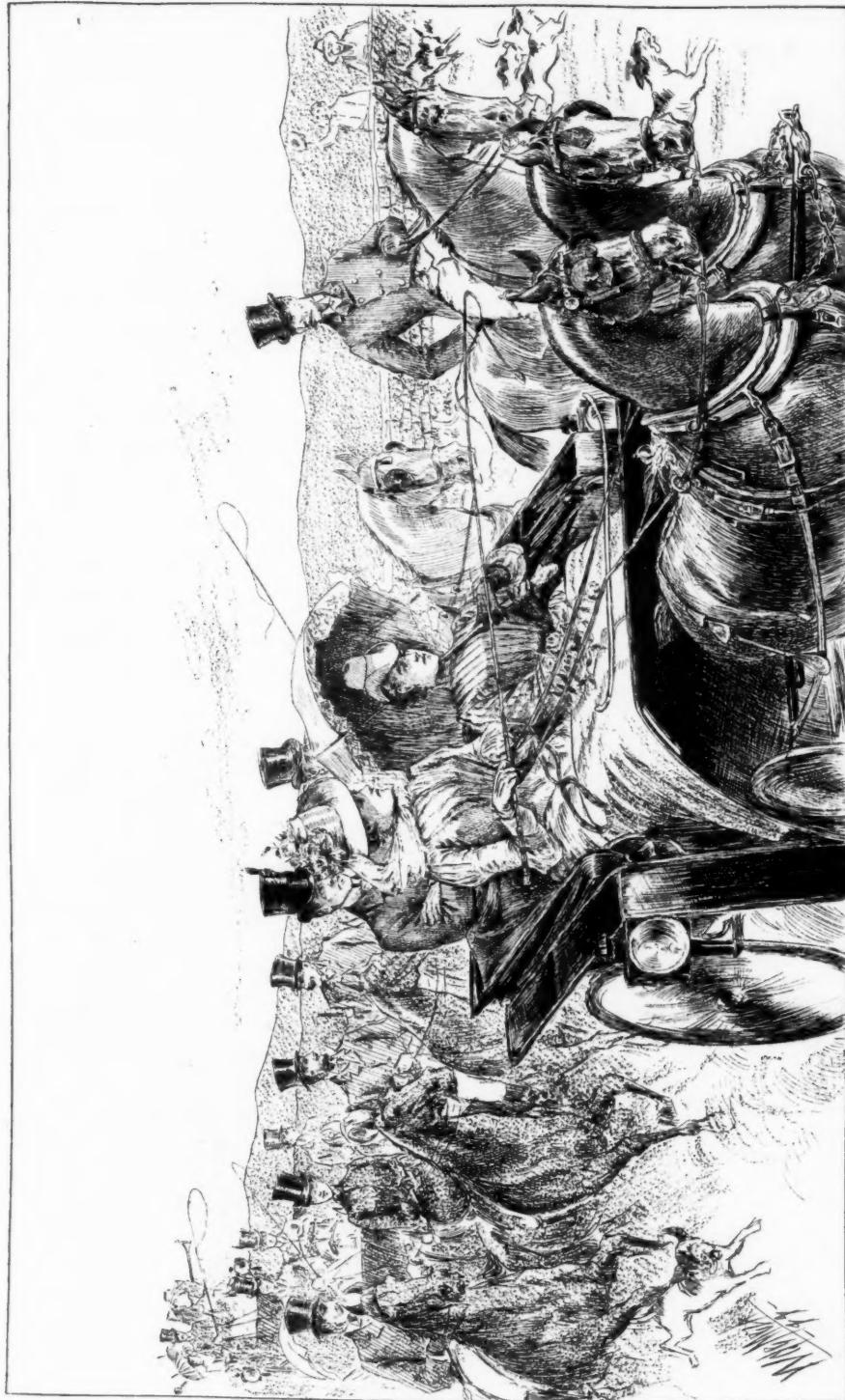
I T is reported that the Hon. Thomas Porterhouse Ochiltree will not accept a Congressional nomination, but has accepted the leading rôle in a new tank drama.

I T HE Chicago bulls seem to have shown the bears that wheat is something a carnivorous animal shouldn't meddle with.

I T is reported from Boston that John L. Sullivan is out of danger. By the same token, Kilrain and two or three other pugilists are in danger.

"LIFE'S" FRESH AIR FUND.

Previously acknowledged	\$6,028.83
Aleck and Morgan Ashley	6.00
Fresh Air Fund	2.00
From N. T. C.	6.00
Total	\$6,042.83



THE HUNTING SEASON AT NEWPORT.

Miss H.: GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. NIMROD; THIS IS INDEED A SURPRISE. I THOUGHT YOU TOLD ME LAST WEEK YOU WERE NOT GOING TO CHASE THE POOR LITTLE FOX AGAIN?

Mr. Nimrod: THE "SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS" WON'T LET US, YOU KNOW. BUT THE ANISE-SEED BAG IS STILL OURS.

AUTUMN.

THE fields of golden grain stand waiting
Till the harvester appears;
Only a faint breath stirreth
The ripened ears,
And it comes from the old, old spring-time,
Like a dream of the sleeping years,
A breath from youth's lost garden,
Laden with tears.

Roland King.



"A WAR-TIME WOOING."

THE United States army is small, but it has some large traditions. It has recently cultivated the habit of writing about the days of its greatness, after the manner of the Southerner, who never tires of recalling the gracious time "before the war." The officers of the army and navy are now nearer the conditions of "a leisure class" than almost any other element of our people. This leisure might be employed in many worse ways than in writing; it is not so expensive for the government as fighting, or for the individual soldier as poker.

At any rate, we shall not wish for an Indian war so long as Capt. Charles King writes stories as entertaining as "A War-Time Wooing" (Harpers). A man of action is apt to tell a story of action, and that is what we are hungry for. It may be improbable, clumsy in construction, and without a grace of style, but if it "goes"—rapidly and engagingly—we can forget crudities and thank the writer for a pleasant hour.

* * *

THIS story of "A War-Time Wooing" has the virtue of ingenuity, which is no small part of a good tale. A practised reader of fiction will, however, scent the right trail too early in the hunt. He feels sure of his game, and runs it down leisurely. To be thoroughly exhilarating, the villain should double on his tracks, throw us off at a ditch or two, take to a swamp, and keep out of sight till the very finish. Then we should run hard and come in at the death with a beating heart.

Bessie is a shadowy creature, but the glimpses one gets of her are pleasing. Abbot is a dashing Lieutenant of the Hygeia Hotel type, and, therefore, irresistible. He, no doubt, was always as well dressed as Mr. Zogbaum draws him; and why shouldn't he be, for his chief occupation was wooing, not war? Moreover, he was a Harvard man before he was a soldier, and that counts for something in a question of clothes.

* * *

EDWARD LEAR'S four "Nonsense Books" (Roberts Brothers) have been made into a delightful volume, with all the original illustrations by the author, and an expressive portrait of him as he appeared in his old age.

" His mind is concrete and fastidious,
His nose is remarkably big;
His visage is more or less hideous,
His beard it resembles a wig."

The old men, the middle-aged, and young, who have scraps of this enjoyable nonsense lingering in their minds from far-off and almost forgotten days, will be glad to here identify their friends; for they realize, more and more, as the years carry them away from "the Terrible Zone and the hills of the Chankly Bore" that

" Far and few, far and few
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve."

* * *

READERS of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's two *Century* essays on "Phases of State Legislation" and "Machine Politics in New York City" will be glad to know that they have been published in a convenient little volume entitled "Essays on Practical Politics" (Putnams). These essays are full of valuable information, tersely put by one who knows of what he writes. The facts are not pleasant or flattering to our state pride. Neither are they wholly discouraging. To those who have complained because Mr. Roosevelt does not recommend a panacea, he replies in his very sensible Preface: "No law or laws can give us good government; at the utmost, they can only give us the opportunity to ourselves get good government."

Droch.

• NEW BOOKS •

HON. UNCLE SAM. By Viscount Valrose. New York: John Delay. The McVees. By Joseph Kirkland. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.



Miss Gay (of Vassar): OH, WHAT A HORRID SCRATCH!
Lady Hilda (much shocked): MY dear, WHAT A VULGAR EXPRESSION!
Miss Gay: BUT WHAT SHOULD I SAY?
Lady Hilda: WHY, BEASTLY FLUKE, OF COURSE!

STUCK FAST.

CHARLEY (*to friend*): Fred, do you know, I weally think that the pwetty little Robinson is stuck on me.

FRED: I think so myself, Charley. I noticed last evening that she tried her best to get away from you.

IT sometimes takes a good deal of "maiden meditation" to obviate the infelicity of being "fancy free."

IT is probably the attention paid it which makes the weather-vane.



SIXTEEN OUNCES TO THE POUND.



TOO LARGE FOR PHILADELPHIA.

NO, KIND READER, THIS IS NOT A MEMBER OF THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION. IT IS ONLY A NEW YORK DRUMMER WHO CARELESSLY ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE CAUGHT IN PHILADELPHIA WITH NOTHING SMALLER THAN A FIFTY DOLLAR BILL: OF COURSE, HE COULDN'T BREAK IT THERE, AND HAD TO WALK HOME.



Harry: Why, Tom, what in goodness' name have you got in your trousers?
Tom: Dear me! I was in hopes it wouldn't be noticed. You see, I've been out to the ball ground all day, and that means a thrashin' when I get home; so I just put a tin saucepan where I fancied it would be of some use, but I'm afraid dad's eyes 'll be as sharp as your'n.

TRUE KINDNESS OF HEART.

ONE afternoon, in the winter of 188-, which will long be remembered in the annals of the poor for its rigor and the destitution it occasioned, a party of distinguished gentlemen left the Senate Chamber of the United States and hurried along Pennsylvania Avenue as rapidly as the sleet-covered pavements would permit. They were discussing a question of Finance that had been under consideration just before adjournment. A remark which was made by one of the gentlemen—a remark of rare acuteness—would have acquainted a back-woodsman with the fact that its author was the Hon. James G. Blaine, of Maine, whose well-known feat of saving a colossal fortune out of his small political stipends has not only demonstrated to thousands of our youths what economy can accomplish, but has also established his own reputation for financial acumen. The increasing keenness of the blast impelled the party to seek temporary shelter in the nearest hotel at the door of which a small ragged boy, who had just been rudely ejected from the building by the gentlemanly clerk, and whose face was blue with cold, intercepted the gentlemen with a feeble but pathetic petition for alms. They gave him nothing but a glance of curiosity and passed to the inner warmth. No, not all went in. One lingered outside—one great-souled man, who did not regard the despairing face of the boy with the nonchalant air of the others. His features, which had often hardened in the asperities of debate and struck a chill to the enthusiasm of an opponent, now relaxed into an expression of tender solicitude.

"What can I do for you, my little man?" he asked of the boy.

"Oh, sir," replied the child incoherently, "my mother is freezing and she has nothing to make a fire with."

"And where is your father, my boy?" continued his interrogator.

"He is dead," sobbed the boy,

"And what was his name?" asked Mr. Blaine; for it was no other than he.

In a few words the little fellow told his pitiful tale and then answered the query.

"What!" ejaculated the Senator. "Is it possible that you are the son of William B—, who was Judge of Election at Bunco Precinct when I was first returned to the Maine Legislature, and to whom I owed so much? And your mother has nothing to make a fire with? Here, my poor lad, take this."

And he handed him a match.

Eureka Bendall.



THE LAND OF

SOME MEMORIES OF NIAGARA

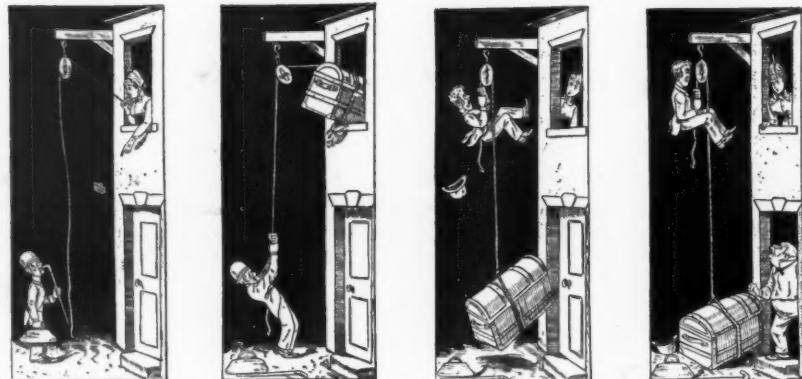
LIFE.



OPHONEYMOONS.

MEMORIAL OF NIAGARA.

AN ELOPEMENT IN
HIGH LIFE,
AND WHY IT FAILED.



A HAPPY AUDIENCE.



A NECESSARY CAUTION.

"REMEMBER, Uncle Rastus," cautioned the magistrate, "that you are not compelled to disclose anything which may criminate yourself."

"Den, I reckon, I'll keep my mouf shet, Judge," was the wise reply.



AMÉLIE RAVES.

THE remarkable dramatization of "The Quick or the Dead?" given at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last week, with Miss Estelle Clayton in the part of *Barbara*, induced LIFE to send a commissioner to obtain the views of Miss Amélie Rives on the subject.

The fair girl-bride was found in her room at her hotel, reclining on a tiger-skin rug before a brightly blazing fire of pitch-pine knots from the woods of Virginia. Her right hand, fairly ablaze with rich rings of malachite, jade and

sard stones and Mexican onyx, supported her graceful head and toyed with the dead-red ringlets which hung loose to her lissome waist. Her left hand smoothed caressingly the sinuous folds of a copperhead snake from the woods of Virginia, which from time to time kissed the tip of her aristocratic nose with its left fang.

The entire appearance of the room indicated the occupancy of a genius. In one corner stood a Cypriote maid languidly swinging a censer, from which lazily rose light clouds of fragrant incense. In another corner half knelt the lately acquired husband in the attitude of adoration usually seen in the angels pictured by Fra Angelico. About the room were negligently strewn copies of standard publications like the *Spirit of the Times*, the *Family Story Paper* and the *Tribune Almanac*. The mantel was artistically decorated with cigarette pictures, arranged in an original way indicative of the lovely author's genius.

"I have come from LIFE—"

The lambent orbs of the genius were turned upon the commissioner, and by a passionate gesture he was made aware that he was expected to be seated.

"—To secure your views on the dramatic version of your 'Quick or the Dead.'"

Then ensued a throbbing silence, so dense it might have been heard. Then a sigh and another roll of the lambent orbs. Then, in soft and musical tones—softer and more musical than a German band playing "Sweet Violets"—came from the genius the question, "Young man, can you gush?"

"Somewhat," was the answer.

"Because I never, with my consent, permit any one to write about me who cannot gush. The heartaches I have experienced over that play I cannot describe to you. To think of 'The Quick or the Dead?' with a topical song introduced! It is sacrilege—sheer sacrilege! We shall next have 'Macbeth' done with a song and dance feature by *Duncan* and *Lady Macbeth*."

"And the representation of *Barbara* and *Jock Dering*?"

"*Barbara* and *Jock* are like my own flesh and blood, and to see the creations of my brain exposed to the world in such form as was given them in that play was like the



feeling of a Christian mother who saw her children butchered to make a Roman holiday. Ah, me! Ah, me! Ah, me!"

With this the genius folded her diaphanous angel-sleeves in a hard knot about her throbbing, beautiful throat, and rocked to and fro like a soul in torment. It was evident that the genius was suffering throes of anguish over the dramatic caricature of her great work, and the *LIFE* representative withdrew, convinced that even the business of being a genius has its drawbacks.

* * *

A THANKSGIVING SERVICE should be held to celebrate the safe return of Mr. Augustin Daly and his company of comedians. Lovers of good dramatic work

have apprehended that some European despot, who knew a good thing when he saw it, might have denied Mr. Daly and his people passports from a foreign realm, or that Mr. James Lewis might have been incarcerated as a suspected dynamiter; but they are all safely returned, and ready to provide another season of dramatic enjoyment.

* * *

BOOKSELLERS report an increased sale of French *Olivendorffs*. Solid citizens and citizenesses, whose early education has been neglected, are learning the meaning of such expressions as "*Avez vous le pain bleu du Boulanger rouge?*" in anticipation of the Coquelin-Hading season.

Metcalfe.



NO DOUBT OF IT.

First Murderer: I TELL YOU, BILL, THEY OUGHT TO DO AWAY WITH CAPITAL PUNISHMENT; IT'S BRUTAL, THAT'S WHAT IT IS. DO YOU SUPPOSE IF THEY HANG US IT'LL STOP OTHERS FROM COMMITTIN' CRIME?

Second Murderer: I'M NOT THINKIN' OF OTHERS JUST NOW, BUT I'M D—N SURE IT'LL STOP US, AND YER BET YER LIFE IT WON'T ENCOURAGE THE OTHER BOYS.

A THANKFUL HEART.

A COUNTRY editor publishes the following:

"We hereby tender our heartfelt thanks to Dr. Pellet for his prompt and satisfactory action in our rather critical case last evening. Doc., you are a good one!"

"Our thanks are also due our esteemed townsman, Mr. James Hawbuck, for a very luscious watermelon which he left on our desk at an early hour yesterday morning. Come again, Jim!"

AN INTERRUPTION.

TYNNGOD: Didn't I tell you, Horace, that I was writing an article against the Administration, and didn't want to be interrupted this morning?

HORACE: Yes, sah; but dis am de gal wif yo' washin', an' she won't give it up unless she gets some money.

TYNNGOD: Oh—tell her I'll be down immediately. I didn't expect any important business calls this morning, Horace.

GOOD only when used up—The umbrella.



A DUTIFUL SON.

Father (a strict disciplinarian): WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME MY COAT WAS BURNING?

Son: YOU TOLD ME NEVER TO INTERRUPT YOU WHEN YOU WERE READING ALOUD.

COOL IN DANGER.

"WAS I in the war?" said the tramp to one of the young ladies who were making a sketch of his battered appearance. "Well, I should so remark. Brave was I? You can bet your pretty picters that sights which would have killed one of you gals with horror only made me laugh. Lemme tell you a story to show how dog-goned cool I could be in the face of danger.

"It was just afore the battle of Seven Oaks, an' me and my comperny lay in a small farm-house near a wheat-field. It was a scorcher from Scorcherville. I mean the day, not the field. The thermometer showed 128 in the shade. The men were stretched out on the floor a pantin' away with their tongues a-hangin' out of their mouths. Suddenly a gun went off outside the house. A look out the winder showed a regiment of rebels who had halted not a rod away. The danger was terrible, but we would have been all right if it hadn't been for my cussed coolness. The awfuler things got the cooler I was, and finally I affected the air so all hands began to hear their teeth chatter as if each man was being ducked in ice water.

"Finally, seeing how things were, I tried to get scared, but only got cooler. It was no go, cos it warn't in me; and the enemy, being attracted by the noise of the chatterin' teeth, came in and captured the whole lot, who were too cold to resist. I was too brave, I was. Thank yer, Missie! I'll buy a bible with that air dollar."

Clarence Stetson.

THE REASON WHY.

SMALL BOY No. 1 (to small boy No. 2, who is strutting around with his hands in his pockets): Come over and play with me, Johnny!

"Can't."

"Go ask your mother if you can't."

"Can't ask her; she is out somewhere looking for me."

AFTER THE VACATION.

COLES: Back from the country?

BOLES: Yes.

COLES: Feel recruited?

BOLES: Haven't been back long enough to feel the benefits yet.

NO TIME TO WASTE.

CLERK: Gloves, did you say, Miss? Something with six buttons?

COUNTRY GIRL: Without buttons. I ain't got time to fool away half an hour everytime I put 'em on.



A QUICK TRIP AROUND THE HORN.



A HAIR RESTORER.



NEW RELATIVES.

FROM the seaside and the mountains,
Back to town they throng once more;
These young men who've gained a "sister"
That they never had before.

—Puck.

MRS. NEWTIDE: Turn around for a side view, Rupert. I'm making a little sketch to send mamma, and want you in the foreground.

MR. NEWTIDE (with alacrity as he remembers the arrangements for mamma's future abiding place): Fire away, my dear! It's probably my last chance.—Time.

SCENE—Top of Loch Maree coach; vehicle is approaching Talladale.

Tourist (to driver): Splendid country this.

Driver: Ay, ay! And you'll have been here before?

Tourist: Oh, yes; several times!

Driver: Ay, ay! There's nobody effer comes here tat hasn't been here sometime before already.—London Tit-Bits.

At drill a soldier spits in the ranks.

SERGEANT OF MANOEUVRES (indignantly): The fellow that spat, four days in the guard-house. There shall be no spitting in the ranks. We are not in a parlor here!—Fliegende Blätter.



Smooth,
Soft
and
Elastic
Skin.
Fine
Texture
and
Tint.

Packer's Tar Soap removes impairments of the skin, and establishes in their stead that healthful, brilliant, natural cuticle which must be the basis of all Beautiful Complexions.

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MATCHLESS TONE - BEAUTIFUL FINISH.

ETHEL (shuddering): How the trees moan and sigh to-night!
BOBBY (speaking whereof he knows): Well, I guess you'd moan and sigh if you were as full of green apples as they be.—*Binghamton Republican*.

"Is there going to be any music at the church festival to-night?" asked Snooks of the pastor. "I do not know," responded that dignitary, who had been many times snubbed by the leader—"I do not know; but the choir will sing!"—*Musical Herald*.

THE engagement of Miss Nora Cogan to Mr. Rhinelander De Lancey is announced. Miss Cogan is engaged as cook for \$20 a month.—*Sun*.

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY: Gentlemen, I hold in my hand a vial of soda. What chemical shall I combine with it to produce a valuable article of commerce?

GOODSBY (waking up): Br-r-randy!—*Judge*.

"JOHN, what would you do if I were to die?"

"Bury you, my dear."—*The Cartoon*.

HOTEL CLERK: H. and M. man, I see; might get you a bet or two.

OLD GENT: No, sir-ee; C. and T. every time, red bandanna an' all.

HOTEL CLERK: But you're all covered over with protection buttons, sir.

OLD GENT: Well, by Jinks, that comes from being near-sighted. Wife said she'd bought some buttons of a man in the street awful cheap, an' if she hasn't gone and sewed 'em on to my last year's overcoat! Her blasted economy is always comin' in in the wrong way.—*Harper's Weekly*.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

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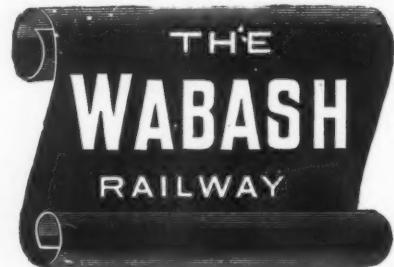
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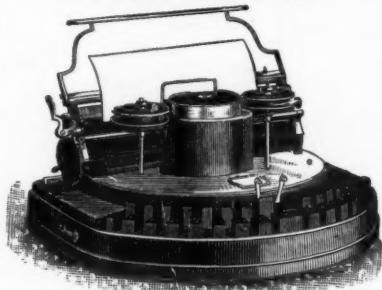
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